97-84163-11

Ainger, Arthur Campbell

Marching songs for soldiers, adapted to...

London

1914

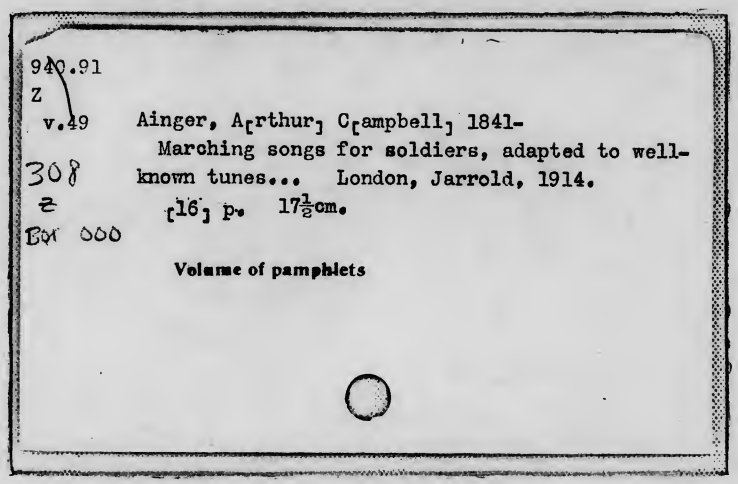
97-84163-11

MASTER NEGATIVE #

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DIVISION

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

ORIGINAL MATERIAL AS FILMED - EXISTING BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD


940.91
Z
v.49
308
2
Bat 000

Ainger, A[rthur] C[ampbell] 1841-
Marching songs for soldiers, adapted to well-known tunes... London, Jarrold, 1914.
[16] p. 17½cm.

Volume of pamphlets

RESTRICTIONS ON USE: *Reproductions may not be made without permission from Columbia University Libraries.*

TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 9:1 IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 8/15/97 INITIALS: TLM

TRACKING # : 26363

FILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES, BETHLEHEM, PA.

MARCHING SONGS

FOR

Soldiers

PRICE TWOPENCE NET

ADAPTED TO WELL-KNOWN
TUNES BY A. C. AINGER

AUTHOR'S ROYALTIES TO BE DEVOTED
TO THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

6

MARCHING SONGS

FOR

Soldiers

PRICE TWOPENCE NET

ADAPTED TO WELL-KNOWN TUNES BY A. C. AINGER

AUTHOR'S ROYALTIES TO BE DEVOTED TO THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

MARCHING SONGS FOR SOLDIERS

Adapted to well-known Tunes

By A. C. AINGER

Dedicated to
THE BRITISH ARMY
in the Person of its
Foremost Soldier,
F.M. EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.

LONDON
JARROLD & SONS, WARWICK LANE, E.C.
ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW,
MORTIMER STREET
1914.

I.

Air, "Keel Row."

1. He tore the scrap of paper,
The Belgian scrap of paper,
He tore the scrap of paper,
And bade the bullets fly.
He shot the wives and children,
The wives and little children,
He shot the wives and children,
And laughed to see them die.

Chorus—
So now we're off to Berlin,
To Berlin, to Berlin,
So now we're off to Berlin,
To ask the reason why.

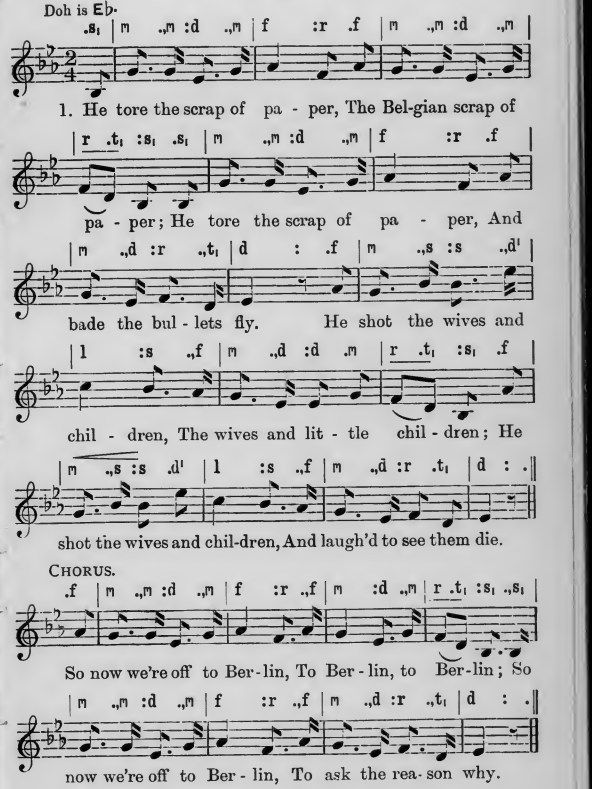
2. He sacked the shrines of Louvain,
Of Senlis, Reims, and Louvain,
He sacked the shrines of Louvain,
They flamed against the sky.
He swore his heart was bleeding,
His tender heart was bleeding,
He swore his heart was bleeding,
And winked his wicked eye.

Chorus—
So now we're off to Berlin, &c.

3. He tried the road to Paris,
The bloodstained road to Paris,
He tried the road to Paris,—
It only was a try.
He talked of German culture,
Of blood and iron and culture,
He talked of German culture,
And every word a lie.

Chorus—
So now we're off to Berlin, &c.

I. AIR: "KEEL ROW."


Doh is E♭.
1. He tore the scrap of pa - per, The Bel-gian scrap of
pa - per; He tore the scrap of pa - per, And
bade the bul - lets fly. He shot the wives and
chil - dren, The wives and lit - tle chil - dren; He
shot the wives and chil-dren, And laugh'd to see them die.
CHORUS.
So now we're off to Ber - lin, To Ber - lin, to Ber - lin; So
now we're off to Ber - lin, To ask the rea - son why.

II.

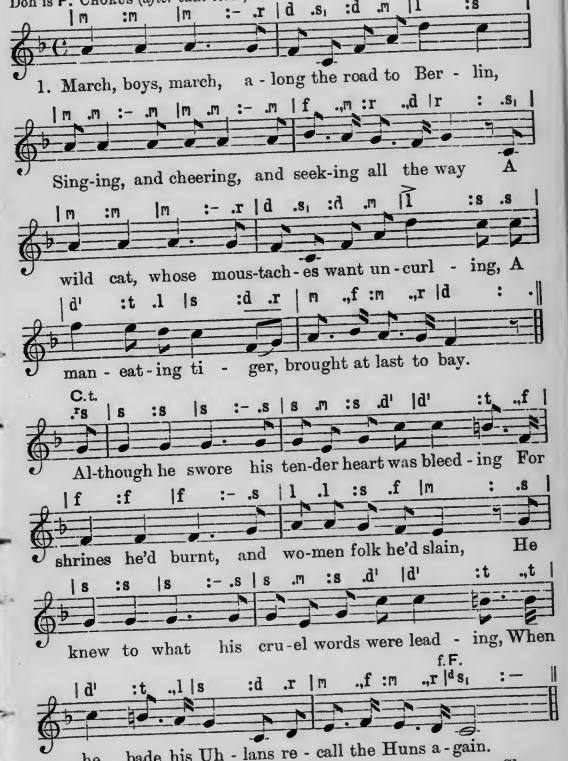
Air, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

1. March, boys, march, along the road to Berlin,
Singing, and cheering, and seeking all the way
A wild-cat, whose moustaches want uncurling,
A man-eating tiger, brought at last to bay.
Although he swore his tender heart was bleeding
For shrines he'd burnt, and womenfolk he'd slain,
He knew to what his cruel words were leading,
When he bade his Uhlans recall the Huns again.

Chorus—
March, boys, march, along the road to Berlin,
Singing, and cheering, and seeking all the way
A wild-cat, whose moustaches want uncurling,
A man-eating tiger, brought at last to bay.

2. By all the blood that stained the Belgian waters,
By all the dead that strewed the Belgian fields,
By children slain, by outraged wives and daughters,
We'll show no mercy till the tyrant yields.
Down, for ever down, with the blood and iron culture,
Down, for ever down, with the Potsdam Kaiser's pride,
Wring the eagle's neck—he's changed into a vulture,
Gorged with the flesh of the thousands who have died.

Chorus—
March, boys, march, along the road to Berlin,
Singing, and cheering, and seeking all the way
A wild-cat, whose moustaches want uncurling,
A man-eating tiger, brought at last to bay.

II. Air: "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

Doh is F. Chorus (after each verse).
1. March, boys, march, a - long the road to Ber - lin,
Sing-ing, and cheering, and seek-ing all the way A
wild cat, whose mous-tach - es want un - curl - ing, A
man - eat - ing ti - ger, brought at last to bay.
C.t.
Al-though he swore his ten-der heart was bleed - ing For
shrines he'd burnt, and wo-men folk he'd slain, He
knew to what his cru-el words were lead - ing, When
f.F.
he bade his Uh - lans re - call the Huns a - gain.

Repeat Chorus.

III.

Air, "John Peel."

1. D'ye ken John French, with his khaki suit,
His belt and his gaiters, and stout brown boot,
Along with his guns, and his horse, and his foot,
On the road to Berlin in the morning?

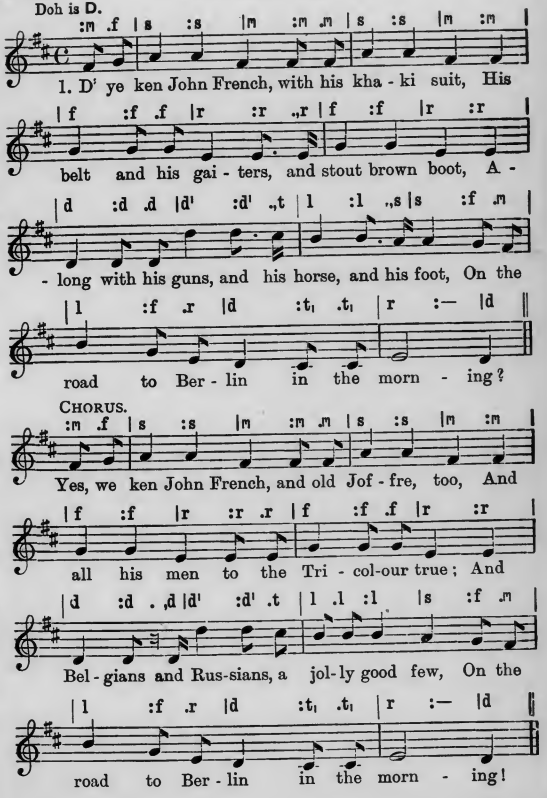
Chorus—
Yes, we ken John French, and old Joffre too,
And all his men to the Tricolor true,
And Belgians and Russians, a jolly good few,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

2. The Prussian Kaiser must be made to kneel,
The Prussian Eagle must be made to feel
The force of the bullet and the good cold steel,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

Chorus—
For we ken John French, and old Joffre too,
And all his men to the Tricolor true,
And Belgians and Russians, a jolly good few,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

3. For the mothers they slew, and the kids as well,
And for sundry things it's not fit to tell,
We've got to catch 'em and to give 'em hell,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

Chorus—
For we ken John French, and old Joffre too,
And all his men to the Tricolor true,
And Belgians and Russians, a jolly good few,
On the road to Berlin in the morning.

III. AIR: "JOHN PEEL."

Doh is D.
1. D' ye ken John French, with his kha - ki suit, His
belt and his gai - ters, and stout brown boot, A -
- long with his guns, and his horse, and his foot, On the
road to Ber - lin in the morn - ing?
CHORUS.
Yes, we ken John French, and old Jof - fre, too, And
all his men to the Tri - col-our true; And
Bel - gians and Rus-sians, a jol-ly good few, On the
road to Ber - lin in the morn - ing!

IV.

Air, "Here's to the Maiden."

1. Here's to the health of the King and the Queen,
Ever at work for a living,
Morning and evening and all that's between
Cheering and helping and giving,—
Give them a shout,
Lengthen it out,
Tell friends and enemies what we're about.

2. Here's to Lord Kitchener, brown with the sun,
Sure to be keeping his promise,
Giving his orders, and getting them done,
All that he wants for his Tommies,—
Give him a shout, &c.

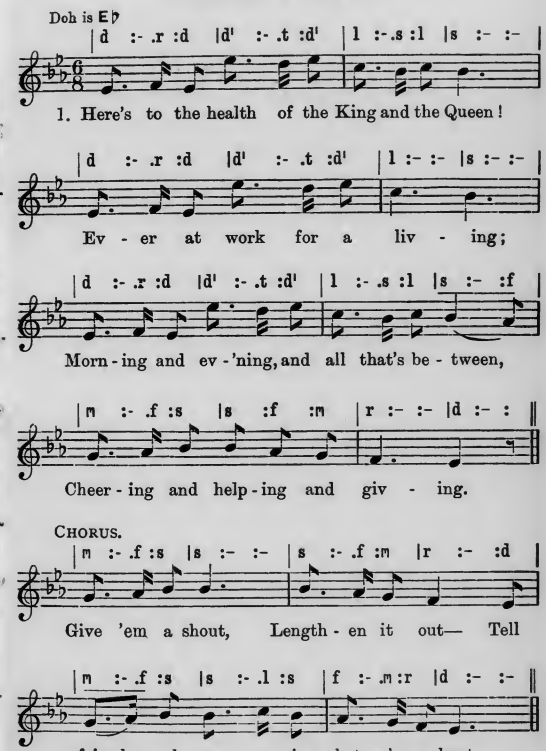
3. Here's to John Jellicoe, first in command,
Watchful afar on the ocean,
Keeping an eye upon Heligoland,
Keeping the raiders in motion,—
Give him a shout, &c.

4. Here's to Lord Roberts, at fourscore and two,
Still patriotic and sprightly,
Asking your money and asking for *you*,
Asking for both of them rightly,—
Give him a shout, &c.

5. Here's to the South and the East and the West,
Sending us men as we need 'em,
"All of one quality only—the best,"
Fighting for honour and freedom,—
Give 'em a shout, &c.

6. Here's to all Britishers under the sky,
Dwellers in hot or in cold land,
Ready to march, or to fight, or to die,
All for the sake of the old land,—
Give 'em a shout, &c.

IV. Air: "HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN."


Doh is E♭
1. Here's to the health of the King and the Queen!
Ev - er at work for a liv - ing;
Morn - ing and ev - 'ning, and all that's be - tween,
Cheer - ing and help - ing and giv - ing.
CHORUS.
Give 'em a shout, Length - en it out— Tell
friends and en - e - mies what we're a - bout.

V.

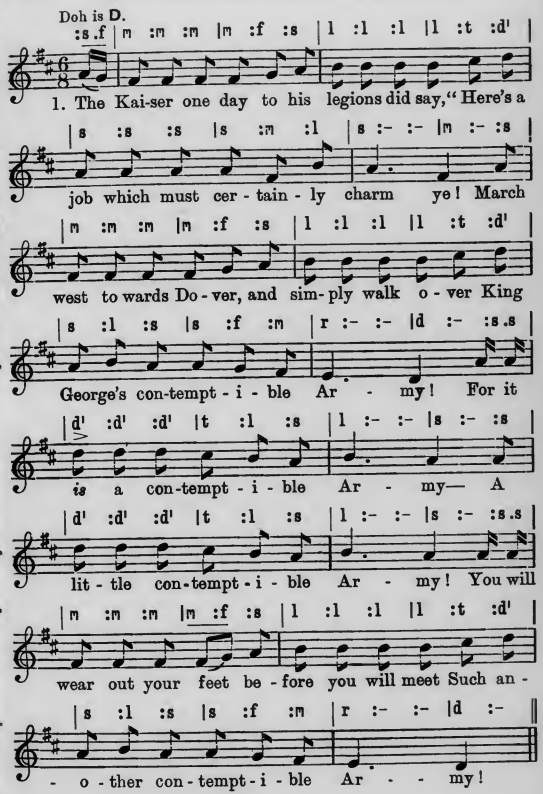
Air, "Tight Little Island."

1. The Kaiser one day to his legions did say,
"Here's a job which must certainly charm ye!
March west towards Dover and simply walk over
King George's contemptible Army.
For it *is* a contemptible Army,
A little contemptible Army,
You will wear out your feet, before you will meet
Such another contemptible Army."

2. So his infantry forces, his guns, and his horses,
Marched westward as they were commanded,
And led by their Junkers, who never were funkers,
Met the Army as soon as it landed.
It was a contemptible Army,
An English contemptible Army,
Welsh, Irish, and Scot—a very poor lot—
A little contemptible Army.

3. They met in the battle—the guns 'gan to rattle,
And all to distress and alarm ye,
And formed in close column, so stately and solemn,
They tried to walk over the Army;
The little contemptible Army,
The British contemptible Army,
To make it look broader, they took open order,
This very contemptible Army.

4. For all of a fortnight, for long day and short night,
They fought like the Kaiser's bold henchmen,
But howe'er they might strive, they could never contrive
To walk over the French or the "French" men.
King George's contemptible Army,
A little contemptible Army,
It held its ground fast, and it proved at the last
A *not* so contemptible Army.

V. Air: "THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND."

Doh is D.
1. The Kai-ser one day to his legions did say, "Here's a
job which must cer - tain - ly charm ye! March
west to wards Do - ver, and sim - ply walk o - ver King
George's con-tempt - i - ble Ar - my! For it
is a con-tempt - i - ble Ar - my— A
lit - tle con-tempt - i - ble Ar - my! You will
wear out your feet be - fore you will meet Such an -
- o - ther con - tempt - i - ble Ar - - my!

VI.

Air, " Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

1. In the midst of foreign wars,
Half-asleep beneath the stars,
We think of happy homes so far away ;
We think of those we love,
And we pray to God above,
Once more to let us see them and be gay.

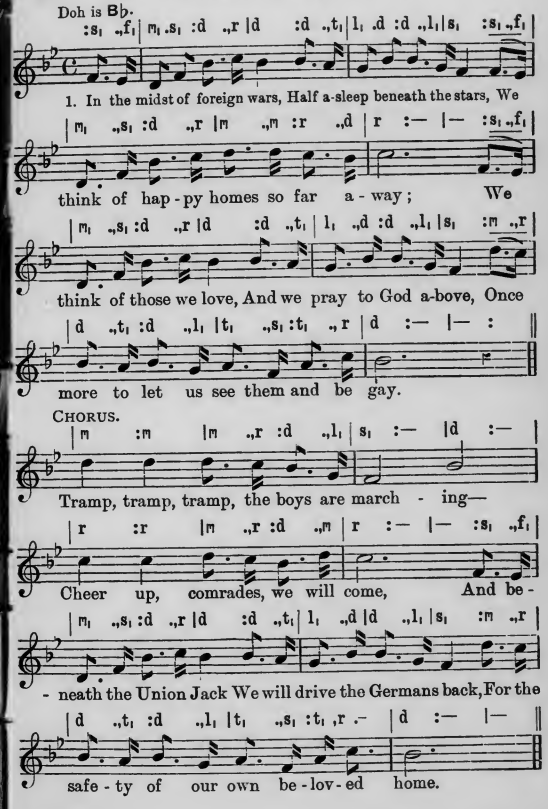
Chorus—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching ;
Cheer up, comrades, we will come.
And beneath the Union Jack
We will drive the Germans back,
For the safety of our own beloved home.

2. In the battle front we stand,
And we strike for Fatherland,
And we only think of getting at the foe,
And we do not make a fuss,
Though we know it's him or us,
But we fancy that it's him that's got to go.

Chorus—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching ;
Cheer up, comrades, we will come.
And beneath the Union Jack
We will drive the Germans back,
For the safety of our own beloved home.

3. And we've got a thought beside,
Of the friends who fought and died,
The best of pals that ever held a gun ;
And there comes a feeling strong,
That it won't be very long
Till we get the *bally* Germans on the run.

Chorus—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching ;
Cheer up, comrades, we will come.
And beneath the Union Jack
We will drive the Germans back,
For the safety of our own beloved home.

VI. AIR: "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

Doh is B♭.
1. In the midst of foreign wars, Half a-sleep beneath the stars, We
think of hap - py homes so far a - way ; We
think of those we love, And we pray to God a-bove, Once
more to let us see them and be gay.
CHORUS.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing—
Cheer up, comrades, we will come, And be -
- neath the Union Jack We will drive the Germans back, For the
safe - ty of our own be - lov - ed home.

VII.

Air, "Marching Through Georgia."

1. We've had enough of trenches and of shifting to and fro,
And of waiting weeks together for the enemy to go,
But now he's on the move at last, and now for heel and toe,
While we go marching through Germany.

Chorus—
To arms! To arms! We bring the jubilee,
To arms! To arms! The Flag that calls the free,
For the right the foe to smite alike by land and sea,
While we go marching through Germany.

2. All the world has had enough of Potsdam and its ways—
Enough of blood and iron and the military craze;
All the world salutes to-day the dawn of better days,
While we go marching through Germany.

Chorus—
To arms! To arms! We bring the jubilee, &c.

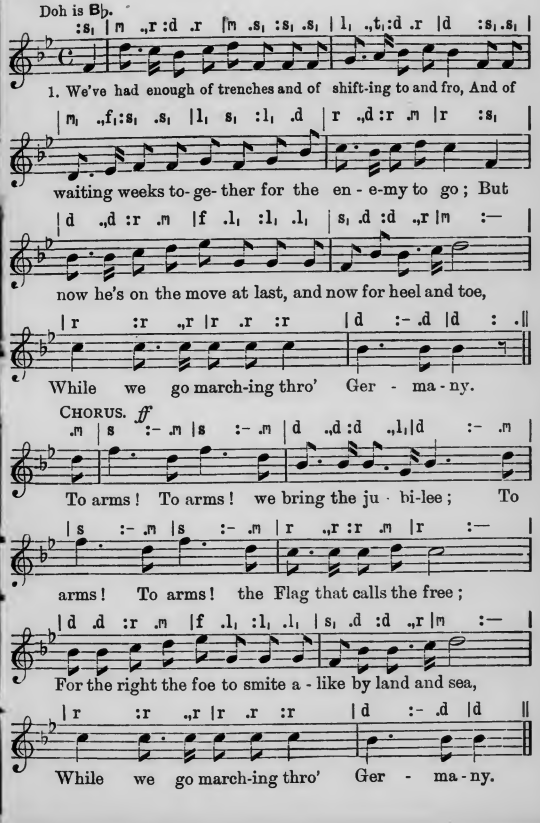
3. Europe from a madman's whims has groaned and suffered long,
Europe must be freed at last from tyranny and wrong,
This shall be the burden of our million-throated song,
While we go marching through Germany.

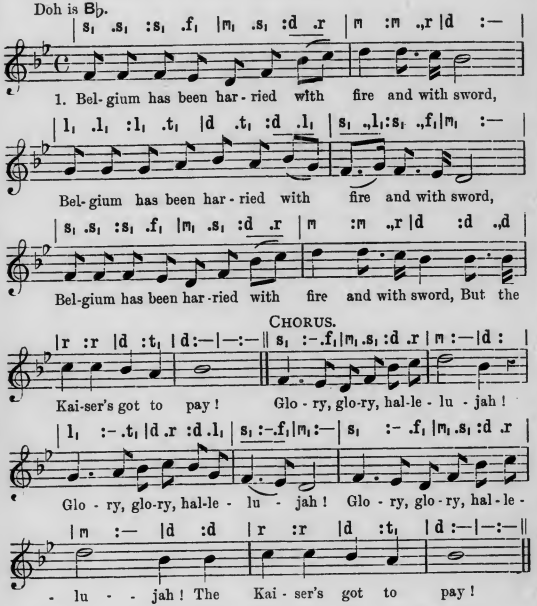
Chorus—
To arms! To arms! We bring the jubilee, &c.

4. Here's an end of cringeing now beneath a bully's nod,
Here's an end of stooping now to kiss a German rod,
Into Kaiser William's heart we'll put the fear of God,
While we go marching through Germany.

Chorus—
To arms! To arms! We bring the jubilee, &c.

VII. Air: "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."


Doh is B♭.
1. We've had enough of trenches and of shift-ing to and fro, And of
waiting weeks to-ge-ther for the en-e-my to go; But
now he's on the move at last, and now for heel and toe,
While we go march-ing thro' Ger-ma-ny.
Chorus. ff
To arms! To arms! we bring the ju-bi-lee; To
arms! To arms! the Flag that calls the free;
For the right the foe to smite a-like by land and sea,
While we go march-ing thro' Ger-ma-ny.

VIII. Air: "JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

Doh is B♭.
1. Bel- gium has been har - ried with fire and with sword,
Bel- gium has been har - ried with fire and with sword,
Bel-gium has been har-ried with fire and with sword, But the
Chorus.
Kai-ser's got to pay! Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
- lu - - jah! The Kai - ser's got to pay!

2. The women and the children lie dead upon the ground, (*3 times*)
But the Kaiser's got to pay!—*Chorus.*

3. The shrines of God Almighty are shatter'd with the shells, (*3 times*)
But the Kaiser's got to pay!—*Chorus.*

4. Our comrades in their thousands have fall'n on the road, (*3 times*)
But the Kaiser's got to pay!—*Chorus.*

5. From all the world alike resounds the same tremendous voice, (*3 times*)
The Kaiser's got to pay!—*Chorus.*

THIS WORK IS ALSO PUBLISHED IN FULL MUSIC SIZE ON GOOD PAPER WITH THE FULL PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT. AS WITH THIS EDITION, THE AUTHOR IS DEVOTING ALL ROYALTIES TO THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND

FULL MUSIC EDITION 1/- net

JARROLD & SONS, WARWICK LANE
ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW
MORTIMER STREET

M 541 26362.

END OF
TITLE